

Humanity's Final Plea

Written by Rust

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In the silent, still ruins of a world long gone,
Where nature has reclaimed the land, and the cities are gone,
A faint sound echoes through the air,
A sound that's not been heard in years, but strikes a familiar fear.

It's the sound of tornado sirens, wailing and moaning,
Echoing through the forest, The cities and relics.
Sirens that were once a sign of warning,
Now they only bring sorrow, for a world that is no longer mourning.

They sound as if in grief, for all that has been lost,
For the world that once was, that is no longer, that is gone.
But they also sound as if in hope,
For a future that might be, if only nature can keep on, and bring it grateful glee.

But for now, they sound like a ghost,
A sound that's haunting and eerie, but beautiful in its own way,
A sound that reminds us of the future that we may have lost,
And of the beauty that remains, even if it seems so far away.